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Dan Cupid for her caddy."

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LIFE



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"I HAD NO IDEA THAT YOU WERE IN LOVE WITH ME."

"NEITHER HAD I, UNTIL I PROPOSED AND YOU REJECTED ME."



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXVI. AUGUST 23, 1900. No. 928.
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A BIRD'S-EYE view of Europe at the present time would probably reveal the various monarchs with one eye on themselves and the other eye on China. Between fear that one may be shot by an Anarchist at any moment, and a desire to have a finger in the Chinese pie, the average king is exceedingly busy. The attitude of the Persian monarch, who, after the attempt to assassinate him had failed, merely remarked that it was not to be, after all, is, perhaps, the most to be envied. Fatalism, when applied to an impending danger, is a great help, and LIFE recommends it to some of our own rulers and politicians.

But by all odds the most "strenuous" utterance has, if the reports are true, been made by William Hohenzollern, whom Mr. Godkin has lately characterized as the Teddy Roosevelt of Germany. "If you close with the enemy," says this divine ruler, "remember this: Spare nobody. Make no prisoners. Use your weapons so that for a thousand years hence no Chinaman will dare look askance at any German. Open the way for civilization once for all."

These are stirring words for all Christians to read, and they are not capable of any misinterpretation. Kill as many of the Chinese devils as you can, and club what are left into proper obedience. Thus the banner of Christianity may float over every coal mine and mineral deposit in Asia.



NOTHING reveals better the spread of so-called yellow journalism than the recent meteoric display of dispatches from Pekin. Local affairs permit only of local mendacity, but the Pekin affair shows that England is now as yellow as the United States, the London papers scrambling over each other in their anxiety as to which one could tell the biggest whopper. It is not now a question as to which paper we shall believe, but rather in which paper that we have learned not to believe in shall we find the most varied and highly-colored assortment of lies.

When the truth does come out, it is not unlikely to appear in the manner illustrated by the recent fooling of Mr. Godkin, who received a letter from Fifth Avenue, written on paper displaying the monogram of an apparently well-known family, and detailing the anxiety of the writer, who represented himself as a college man, upon the subject of the coming election. Mr. Godkin replied, airing his views, and the yellow journal that laid the trap published the reply in full.

It makes little difference as to whether the originator of this little plot was a reporter, or whether the editor put him up to it. If the reporter thought of it first, his ingenuity was no doubt highly commended, and if the editor thought of it first, he but aroused the envy of the reporter who aided and abetted him.



THE New York Sun refers to Mr. E. L. Godkin's recent utterances on our political conditions by observing that the author of them should only be an object of pity at the present time, thus insinuating that Mr. Godkin's mind is not capable of that excess of sanity which the Sun would have us believe overflows from its own font of wisdom.

This is rather hard on Mr. Godkin, more especially as the *Evening Post*, not so long ago, came to the rescue of

the Sun in such an admirable and disinterested manner, when that paper was typographically crippled.

Mr. Godkin does not seem to be, however, so mentally incapable as the Sun would have us believe. He says, among other things, that the machinery of our Government is unsuited to imperialism, and that the term of our Presidents should be extended to a decade, so that every four years we would not be well-nigh distracted with a death-to-business-and-peace-of-mind election.

He also says that our Presidents, as time goes on, are dwindling in mental proportions, and he gives McKinley as an example.

A great many hard-headed and practical and worthy men believe as Mr. Godkin does, and if they do not come out and say so, it is because, possibly, they are possessed of slightly less courage than Mr. Godkin displays.



THE recent dividend of eight per cent. declared by the Standard Oil Company calls attention to the fact that Mr. John D. Rockefeller derives from this source alone an annual income computed at sixteen millions, to say nothing of his other investments, which brings his total income to the thirty million mark. This is throwing Mr. Carnegie, with his paltry eighteen or twenty millions a year, in the shade, and William Waldorf Astor looks smaller than ever. The Standard Oil dividends always make the G. O. P. start and put on a smile of apparent unconcern, as much as to say that this is only one of the acts of a beneficent Providence. Brother Bryan, however, takes a different view of the "act," and is mighty apt to use it as a campaign argument against the deadly trust.

It was pointed out at the time this little and apparently merely incidental dividend was declared, that it probably would have been a couple of millions more had not the recent burning of the refineries near Staten Island occasioned a loss of that amount. A few millions of property, more or less, destroyed by fire, is, however, a mere incident, and the smoke of it is carried away by the first zephyr.

Life's Ticket.



FOR PRESIDENT,
W. W. ASTOR.



FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
L. H. CHANG.

PLATFORM:

The World Is Ours!

ALL conscientious voters who have been well-nigh distracted with anxiety over the future of our country under either McKinley or Bryan, may now go to sleep in the calm assurance that it is going to be all right after all.

William Waldorf Astor has consented to run for President, and Li Hung Chang has agreed to back him up in everything he says and does.

It is true that Mr. Astor is no longer an American citizen, but what difference does this make? Let us expand in every sense.

We point with pride (this is a phrase we have borrowed somewhere, but it goes) to the fact that Mr. Astor's long residence in London, and his overwhelming popularity there, make him just the man for the place. England and America will now stand fast together, bound by ties of blood and cash.

The only thing we needed to complete an ideal ticket was Li Hung Chang. We were in some doubt about his eligibility, but it is all right. He has lived at the Waldorf-Astoria, which clinches his naturalization; he is worth a barrel, and his views on the silver question are wobbly enough to suit anyone.

Mr. Astor has been so busy refusing invitations not to dine this week, and Li so much occupied explaining to the Powers just why he is not in Pekin, that they haven't had time to get up a detailed platform. But they will have it ready for next week.

An Interview With His Majesty.

HERE were quite a number of others waiting in the anteroom when I entered, but the attendant, glancing at my card, disappeared with it, and in a moment came back with word that the great man would see me at once.

"I fear you are too busy," I said, hesitating on the threshold.

"I am always busy," said my host, waving me politely to a chair. "But in these days I have matters so systematized that they run

themselves fairly well. These modern inventions are a great help. I can, for instance, call up anyone I want. I —"

Just then the telephone bell rang.

"Hello!" he said. "Who is it? Oh, you. Well, Mark, what can I do for you to-day? Yes. What's that? The Major is going to make some more speeches? Good! Ran out of terms, you say? Yes. All right. I'll send him a barrel of hypocritical expressions and political soft soap by express. Don't mention it. Good-bye."

"You can do a great deal of your work right here in the office," I ventured.

"Yes, indeed," smiled the great man. "The only trouble is that they all know my number now, and it keeps me busy."

He wiped his brow. "Rather warm," he said.

"I didn't notice it," I replied, "but I've been in New York all summer."

The bell rang. "Excuse me," said His Majesty, showing his cloven foot as he turned. "Hello! Who's this? Tammany Hall? Oh, yes. Look here, old fellow, don't you think it's a little hard to levy tribute on me, when I've done so much for you in the past? All right. Good-bye."

"And now," I said, plunging into the heart of my visit, "I'll tell you what I came to see you about. Tell me, old man, which would you rather have elected—McKinley or Bryan?"

His Majesty fanned himself with a Boston paper.

"I'll be honest with you," he said, candidly. "So far as I personally am concerned, it doesn't make the slightest difference."



Papa Spider: WHAT IS IT, DOCTOR?

"EIGHT HUNDRED GIRLS AND ALMOST AS MANY BOYS."

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

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Acknowledgments.

VERY welcome additions to LIFE's Fresh-Air Farm are an Estey organ, the gift of Mrs. Hawk, of Ridgefield, Conn., and fifty new hymn books, the gift of Lewis P. Miller, Esq., of Georgetown, Conn.

LIFE's Farm is also in receipt of three barrels of water crackers from Messrs. Chatland and Lenhart, Brownsville, Pa., accompanied by the following expression of good will:

We can assure you the pleasure it gives us in donating these will not be exceeded by the pleasure the children will have eating them, and beg that next year you will put us on your reminder at the beginning of the year, and we will make a consignment to last the whole year.

THOSE many readers who have known us from the start, and who, during seventeen years, have enjoyed our book reviews, will regret to hear that "Droch," Mr. Robert Bridges, has severed his connection with this journal.

These reviews have been courageous and impartial, the outcome of a cultured mind, unfettered by any considerations of business or of policy. They have been the honest expression of a critical, yet an exceptionally appreciative spirit.

Seventeen years, in the life of anything human, is a longish period, and it means, in this case, a personal friendship. And while regretting this departure of our friend, we shall continue to believe, in spite of his assertion to the contrary, that some future day, perhaps, we again may work together.

Not All Lost.

BLADE: Do you think our practice of sending missionaries to foreign countries does any good?

GRASSE: Yes; to this country.

SCENE (BUTLER'S PANTRY): Aunt Mary discovers Reginald, who has been kept from school by slight illness, eating mince pie.

HORRIFIED AUNT MARY: Why, Reggie, what would Dr. Brown say if he could see you now?

REGINALD (complacently): He'd be pleased, Aunt Mary; he likes to have his patients well nourished.



AT LIFE'S FARM.

RETURN FROM THE APPLE HUNT.



WE have received from Mr. Robert Waters a copy of *John Selden and His Table Talk*, which is itself dull enough for modern readers, being only a literary curiosity. Mr. Waters has hit upon the only possible expedient for making this book any duller, however, by interpolating his own explanatory remarks throughout the text. (New York: Eaton and Mains.)

A readable little book of short stories is *The Repentant Magdalen*, by May Isabel Fisk. (New York: Zimmerman's.)

It is a pity that the text does not correspond in finish to the color and pictorial part of *The Animals' Trip to the Sea*, an otherwise amusing book for children issued by E. P. Dutton and Company.

Books on South Africa, in view of more recent stirring developments, seem to lack interest now, so fast does the world move. *In South Africa With Buller*, by George Clarke Musgrave, is a readable account of the recent campaign, and is prefaced with a short history of the Transvaal. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company.)

One of the most attractive books we have seen, either from a typographical or pictorial point of view, is *The Rockies of Canada*, by Walter Dwight Wilcox, F. R. G. S. It is printed in clear, beautiful type, and the photogravure illustrations are beyond praise. The author is thoroughly in touch with his subject, and writes entertainingly and instructively.



FUN FOR THE BOYS.

NOT wishing his modesty to come between his readers and a good thing, LIFE prints the following:

A Psalm of Life (N. Y.)

(With due apologies to Mr. Longfellow.)

"TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
LIFE is but an empty dream!"
Ne'er a dream! LIFE never slumbers,
And with wit its pages teem.
(Subscribe at once.)

"LIFE is real! LIFE is earnest!"
Crowded full of clever stuff;
Contributions it returneth
If they're not right up to snuff.
(Provided you send stamps.)

"Art is long, and Time is fleeting,"
Time is money, so we're told;
Long on Art, and short on eating,
(That's me); fleeting is my "gold."
(I'm in debt, besides.)

"In the world's broad field of 'humor,'" ("Battle" 's what the Poet said);
LIFE we must have; that's no rumor!
For, if you've no LIFE—you're dead.
(Only \$5.00 a year.)

Lives like C. D. Gibson's teach us
How to capture Fame and Cash;
Draw like him—success will reach us;
Also look at Kemble, Blash—
(against the "field.")

Gilbert, Hanna, Hutt and Walker,
Attwood, Herford, Richards, too;
LIFE's artistic staff's a "corker"!
I should smile! (and so should you)—
(Not to mention the writers.)
Albert E. Peters.

Interviewing a Celebrity.

A REPORTER CALLS. AND A WORLD IS WISER.

IT was a quarter to twelve, on a clear, cool day last week, when I jumped from the car and proceeded up Broadway to Madame T——'s favorite hotel. Picture the emotion which agitated me when I found myself about to meet her of whom I had heard so much—the famous artist-authoress of France. But fortunately for my peace of mind, I was not kept long in suspense. Madame is always

delightfully prompt, and I had scarcely entered her luxurious suite before distant hangings parted, and she came swimming towards me, exquisitely gowned.

"From my old friend, the *New York Inquisitor*, I presume," she hospitably rippled.

"Yes," I rejoined, "with the warmest welcome to America. What of your voyage, and the latest Parisian happenings?"

"Tiens!" she smiled, sinking into a low chair. "*O'est fini!*"

As she adjusted herself among the cushions, I had a chance to note the captivating arrangement of perfumed hair, the facile hands and the patrician poise of head.

"What a bewitchingly unique scarf," I exclaimed. "May I ask the price?"

"Two francs; it becomes me, does it not?" she replied, joyously. "I always wear mauve, unless I can get something else."

"I must tell my countrywomen



UNTIL NOVEMBER.

that," I said. "They adore your taste. And now tell me how long you expect to remain here?"

"Until I go away," she returned, earnestly. "A day, a week, a month! *Qui sait!*—*A quoi bon!*—Meanwhile, this is my world."

"You are younger and more fascinating than ever!" I exclaimed. "Art agrees with you!"

She smiled divinely.

"And where is your next book?" I said.

"In my head as yet; one has to consider these things.—*A la bonne heure!* Froufrou, where hast been?"

Madame's dog appeared for a moment. He struck me at once. Such intelligence—such breeding.

As I rose to take my leave, I inquired if she would publish any short articles meanwhile.

"Ah, you Americans are always in such haste," she said.

"For you, yes," I replied.

She blushed charmingly. "Everyone is so kind," she breathed.

I pressed her hand and withdrew, well satisfied with my morning's tête-à-tête.

Adam Dow.

Zoological Politics.

THE JELLY FISH AND THE OCTOPUS.

THERE was a mingled look of patience and pathos in the face of the Imperial Jelly Fish as he gazed into the beaming countenance of the rugged Octopus. "Mark," he said, "is a backbone really essential to a President?"

"Willie," answered the amiable Octopus, "spines are worse than non-essential; they are dangerous. Spines are the basis of neurosis, the mainstay of meningitis, the stumbling-block to civil service reform. Your enemies may accuse you of nestling in my breeches pocket, they may allege the need of a biography to catch the fleeting changes of your mind, but they dare not accuse you of spinal meningitis. A spine, to a President desiring the enthusiastic love of his party, is a serious embarrassment. Look at Grover!"

"Thank you," sighed the sea-moss farine Caesar. "I feel relieved. But are any of the other organs of any use in a crisis like this?"

"Well," responded the Octopus, judicially, "that depends. A tongue and a mouth have their uses—under proper management. When electrically connected with the box office, so that they can be set going or shut up tight, as exigencies demand, they are just sweet. Ears! Well, ears, if not too long to attract rude attention, should be kept hermetically sealed; and eyes may serve a useful purpose as lachrymose accompaniments to an appeal to the flag, an allusion to our beloved native land, a tribute to the pension system. There is no answer to the wet eye, or the tongue in the cheek. Hands, Willie! Hands should be kept in your own pockets until the verdict is rendered. For the pockets of our fellow-patriots I will supply hands. 'Hands Across the Sea' might as well stay there; they are causing remark now; they are too reaching, too reaching."

"Then, Mark," gurgled the Quivering One, brightening up, "I am endowed with all the organs and attributes needed for this campaign of Patriotism, Platitude and Plunder."

"William," snickered the Many-Handed Manager, "you are just what the doctor ordered."

"Then, Mark," sang the Jelly Fish,

his fair young face aglow, "I am the ideal candidate, the amalgam of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Shafter and all the other fellows you read about?"

The Business Manager of "The Advance Agent of Prosperity, Imperial, All-Star, Hoochee-Coochee, Anglo-Saxon, Three-Ring Circus" chuckled as he said, "Billy boy, you are the real thing; you are *It*. You are the goodiest good thing Ohio ever sent down the tow-path, and you never passed a dividend. Soft and slippery, patriotic and tearful, you touch the patriot deeply, my noble Tariff Sharp from Tarifa. Exude tears and talk, my noble boy; I will press the button. Run in, my Imperial Gurgler, and get oiled down, for an Ohio band of patriots comes this afternoon to throw language into you."

Joseph Smith.

"THEY seem to have had a great many trolley accidents in Brooklyn lately."

"Yes, people are so careless. They will go out on the street."

Here's A Result!

THE vivisectors, at last, are really getting somewhere.

It is a sickening trade, to be sure, but this discovery is a big one. We quote from the London *Zoophilist*. "A Berlin doctor named Kionka has succeeded in producing gout in birds. It had been previously ascertained that by an operation on the kidney tubes or by poisoning with chromic acid this could be done, but Kionka tried a diet of lean horseflesh and water. The birds seemed at first to thrive on this, but in three months' time they became gouty, their joints became swollen, their feet crippled, they lost weight and died. During their illness they craved for lime, ate greedily of it and drank enormously of water. We are at a loss to discover what all this proves to the doctors, unless it indicates that horseflesh and water induce gout. Our vegetarian friends will be interested in the meat side of the question, but our teetotal allies will regret that water and not port wine was an element in the unsuitable dietary. We are warned by the *Polyclinic* not to argue from these experiments on birds to the influence of such a diet on human beings."



THE REAL TROUBLE.

"CHARLEY DOESN'T SEEM QUITE AS STRONG AS HE USED TO BE."
"OH, I DON'T KNOW. YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT YOU HAVE GAINED IN WEIGHT."



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• LIFE •



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.



THIS is Mr. Hanna!
D'ye get it?
H-A-N-N-A! Hello,
lo, lo! That the Presi-

dent? Good morning, Wobbling Willy!

Yes, I'm in very good humor this morning. But, say, Mack, I'm maddest when I joke.

Well, I won't joke with you; wait till I strike Roosevelt! But, McMush, my boy, don't talk; just think. I'll talk.

What if the people do want you to talk! Oh, jumping jiminy, why can't I say what Vanderbilt did about the people? Well, Wobbly, you can talk, but mind you don't say anything. Good-bye! CENTRAL! No, Billy, I don't want you—go away! CENTRAL!

Can't you get him at Albany?

Try Glen Cove or Oyster Bay, whatever the place is where he keeps a residence!

Try San Antonio!

You have! Try Washington!

Gi'me the Adjutant-General!

Corbin! This is Senator Hanna Has Roosevelt gone to China?

Why don't you know? Find out! Be quick—

I DON'T WANT ANY COMMISSIONS FOR MY FRIENDS! I WANT ROOSEVELT! Hello! Who's that? Central?

What's that! Got him! Where did you find him?

In the Governor's room at Albany? I don't wonder you didn't think to look there first. All right! Tell him I want him at once. (Waits at the receiver.) * * *

This is Col. Bryan! Is that Gen. Stevenson?

Adlai, I think we ought to get together soon and arrange our speeches. Of course, what I say goes—

It'll be easier for you to get on my platform than for me to follow you. Now you've been anti-Civil Service and Civil Service, and low tariff and high tariff, and expansion and anti-expansion—Is that right?

Say, Ad, you've been nearly as lively as McKinley.

Don't get angry. This is all in confidence—just friendly heart to heart talk. Now, just forget everything you've been, and follow me—just become a Bryanite.

Consistency? Say, Ad, do you want to be Vice-President?

Well, then, don't let me hear another word about consistency from you. "Yours not to reason why; yours but to talk and—"

What'd you do last time you were elected?

Just thought? I wonder if that wouldn't be a good plan now? It will, I'm sure.

Oh, thanks; but I don't mind speaking at all. No, it never affects my throat.

Well, Adlai, I can't help it if you do want to talk. You can't do it; that's flat. Now, see here; do you want to be Vice-President again? Very well, then, I do the talking! (Hangs up the hook.) He wants to be Vice-President twice! My gosh! And to talk himself! Say, Adlai must have an awfully slow time at home!



"Except in rhyme."

The Fatal Rhyme.

THERE was a man upon a time
Who could not speak except in rhyme.
He could not voice his smallest wish.
He could not order soup or fish
He could not hail a passing car.
He could not ask for a cigar,
And let a rhymeless sentence mar
His speech. He could not vent despair,
Anger or rage—he could not swear.



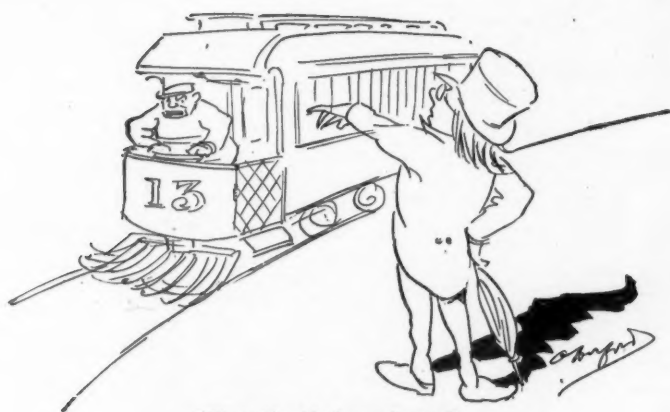
"He could not order soup or fish."

He could not even have his say
On common topics of the day,
The dreadful cold—the awful heat,
The rise in coal, the fall in wheat.
He could not rise to give his seat
In crowded car to maiden sweet,
Or buy a paper in the street
Except in measured rhyming feet.

Life's Guide to Voters.

FOR War, Teddy, Taxation and Trusts, vote for William McKinley.

FOR the Constitution, Peace, Panic and Populism, vote for W. J. Bryan.



"He could not hail a passing car."

"He must have been a man of means!
In this, the age of magazines!"
I hear you say. Ah, reader, wait
Till you have heard his awful fate.
You will not then expatiate
Upon his fortune.—

Well, one night
A burglar came, and at the sight,



"He could not rise to give his seat."

The rhymster took a fearful fright.
The only avenue for flight
Was up the chimney; here he climbed
Until he stuck—and then he rhymed
As follows:

"Goodness gracious me!
"I'm stuck as tight as tight can be!
"Oh, dear, I'm in an awful plight.
"I cannot budge to left or right,
"Or up—or down this awful chimney!"

Then he *was* stuck—had he said "Jimm'ny!"
It would have saved him many a pang.
But, no! he could not stoop to slang.
In vain he writhed and racked his brain
For rhymes to chimney. It was plain
He *had* to rhyme—for should he cease
He must forever hold his peace.
He tried to shout, he tried to call.



"Or buy a paper on the street."

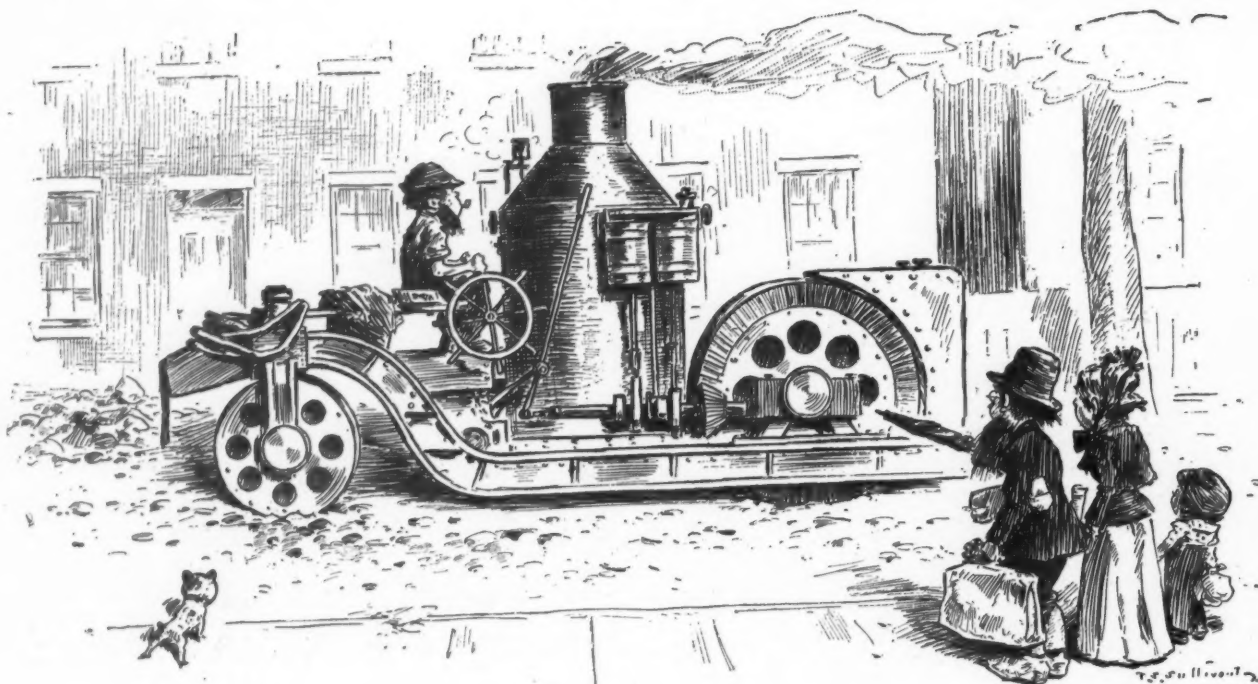
The truth fell on him like a pall.
There isn't any rhyme at all
To chimney.—

When they searched the room
They found it silent as a tomb.
For years they advertised in vain.
They never heard of him again.

Oliver Herford.



"One night a burglar came."



SEEING THE SIGHTS.

"LOOK, MARIA! THERE GOES ONE OF THEM AUTOMOBILES! SHALL WE HAIL THE THING AND TAKE A RIDE?"

The Combatants.

OF T in the summer night,
When slumber's chains have bound us,
We wake to wage a mortal fight
With skeeters that have found us.

A Remarkably Clear Little Book.

WE have received an unusual publication, most artistic in its make-up but containing very few words. It comes from Philadelphia and, so far as we can judge from the title page, is without author or publisher. However, there must have been somebody, somewhere, for even printers' ink, when left to itself, does not run in just this way.

We quote a little: about half the book.

There are some lessons to be learned from the struggle. That for the British is that when they go marauding after a puny prey they should grasp it, not with hundreds under, a Jameson, but with hundreds of thousands under a Roberts.

The glory of the war is all with the Boers, who have lost everything, but saved their

manhood. The lesson for the world is one of hope. There is still a people in it with pluck enough to resist sordid wrong regardless of consequence.

Organized greed may hereafter hesitate when it reflects that the road to Pretoria was sprinkled with the blood of forty thousand Englishmen, and that the profits of the coveted Rand for a quarter of a century, and until Cecil Rhodes shall be dead, have been dissipated. Oom Paul takes his place, not in a niche in the Transvaal, but alongside of Leonidas and Winkelried, of Wallace and William of Orange, among the heroes of all time and the whole world, to incite the brave to effort for the ages yet to come. When the English nation, old and toothless, like the giant in the Pilgrim's Progress, sits by the wayside, snarling over the memories of its victories won from the weak in Ireland and India, at Wyoming and St. Helena, with every traveler ready to knock it on the head for its past wickedness, mothers will tell their children, poets will sing the story, and historians will write in their pages how the burghers fought and died upon the kopjes of South Africa to save their homes.

Our Ethnological Corner.

SHORT HISTORIES OF GREAT RACES.
THE SEMITIC.

THE Semitic race or peoples occupies the region known as Broadway, and is extensively engaged in soubrette raising, coin growing, fleecing and other useful industries. In summer specimens of the race can be seen at Saratoga, parts of the White Mountains, and nomadically along the seashore. They can be readily distinguished by their quiet, unobtrusive manner, their soft, well-modulated voices, and their absurd lack of display—you can also tell them when you are looking at them.

The Semitic race originally came from Baxter street, but have now spread out as far as Delmonico's. They are philanthropic in character, and practice this trait extensively, lending money when they know it will always be paid with interest. By nature, they are fireworshippers, loving a well-insured conflagration.

Among the prominent members of the Semitic race may be mentioned Russell Sage and Hetty Green.



"THAT OLD FELLOW COMING WAS CARRIED FROM THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT ALL SMASHED UP, AND HE WOULDN'T EVEN ACKNOWLEDGE HE WAS HURT. MUST BE A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST."
"NO. PRESIDENT OF THE ROAD."

· LIFE ·



MISS LUCY.

Miss Lucy was a modern child,
Extremely up to date,
No superstitious trash defiled
Her most superior state.
No fairies hovered round her cot,
No giants barred her way,
Old Santa Claus was quite forgot,
With all deceitful play.
Her food was modulated milk,
With graham bread and rice;
Her underclothing was of silk,
That cost a pretty price.
Her governess from Paris came,
Her nurse was German born;
At English words they cried, "For shame!"
And treated them with scorn.
She never went in car or shop
For fear of catching germs;
She could not near a beggar stop
On any sort of terms!
And now a very curious thing
I must perforce relate;
And list, ye parents, while I sing
Of poor Miss Lucy's fate.
At twelve years old she went to school,
And there, oh, strange to say,
She seemed a little like a fool,
In some mysterious way.
She could not read, she could not spell,
Her tongues were jumbled so;
'Twould weary anyone to tell
The things she did not know.

And though no giants crossed her lot,
Or ghosts to cause her fear,
She trembled sore, lest by her cot
A microbe should appear.
At last one very windy day,
While walking with the maid,
In spite of all her silk array
She caught a cold 'tis said.
O poor Miss Lucy! Microbes came
And sat down in a row,
And germs, and things without a name
That all refused to go.
For many a weary day and night
They had their wicked will;
Till nurse and doctor won the fight
By patient care and skill.
Ah, in the most enlightened schemes
Some difficulties lurk;
So not amiss, it sometimes seems,
To watch how they may work.

— Boston Transcript.

In the lately issued memorials of Charles Henry Pearson once one of Australia's chief men of affairs, an amusing story of his student life at Oxford deals with a wayward genius, whom he styles "L." "It was one of his troubles that he was afflicted with self-consciousness. One day he confided to a friend that he had determined to try getting drunk as a possible cure. The friend argued against the plan, but attached no particular importance to the matter, and presently forgot all about it. Late that night, as he was at work, he was startled by a noise as of some one stumbling upstairs and falling against his door. He opened his oak, and 'L.' staggered in and threw himself on a chair, very drunk, and muttering, 'Self conscious still; self-conscious still!'" — Argonaut.

COMFORT FOR THE OLD AND LAZY.

For those who are less young than formerly, who hate effort and fatigue, but exercise because they are told they are better for it, these words may prove of interest:

When William Evarts was asked the other day to what he ascribed his long life and excellent health, he replied: "I don't know, unless it is because *I don't take any exercise.*" Those who know the venerable gentleman best recognize the answer as absolutely true. Mr. Evarts takes no exercise. He has carefully avoided exercise for many years. When he went from his house to his office he would not walk a block; he would take a carriage no matter how short the distance. Mr. Evarts isn't the only public man who has a theory that physical exercise, added to mental effort, is a waste of tissue, which tends toward debility and shortening of life. Joseph Chamberlain is a conspicuous example. He spares himself all physical effort, so far as he can. He will not walk up a single flight of stairs if he can help it. Senator Hanna is, perhaps, the most notable exponent of this principle in Washington. Vigorous as he is in speech and in mental effort, the Senator is seldom seen save in an attitude which suggests physical repose. — Exchange.

This is cheering for those of us who are "born tired."

A PITTSBURGH physician, who thought of taking his colored servant with him on a projected fishing trip, interrogated him as to his acquaintance with aquatics. After a few preliminary questions, he asked:

"Have you ever rowed, James?"

"Only on the cyahs, sah." — Pittsburg Chronicle.

WIFE: John, you don't mean to tell me that you shot this poor little bird with that great big gun?

HUSBAND: Yes, dear; I'm sorry to say I had to. I couldn't get near enough to put salt on his tail.

— Philadelphia Press.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

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or call and see demonstration.



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— Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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Mt. Vernon, 1900.
The Home of Washington.



Signing of the Declaration
of the Independence
of the United States
July 4, 1776.



Old North Church, Salem St., Boston.
Paul Revere's Lanterns were displayed here, 1775.

Historical China.

- Thirty-six views, as below, on dessert plates (9 inch) engraved for us by Wedgwood from picturesque etchings, in genuine old blue Wedgwood with foliage border, the following views:
- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>No. 28. State House, Boston, Bulfinch front, dedicated 1795.
" 24. Old South Church. Tea Party met here, 1773.
" 25. Old North Church, Salem Street. Paul Revere's lanterns were displayed here, 1775.
" 9. Green Dragon Tavern, Union Street, Boston—styled by Daniel Webster, the Headquarters of the Revolution. Also, the Grand Lodge of Free Masons first met here
" 12. King's Chapel, Boston, built 1686, rebuilt 1754.
" 19. Old Feather Store, North and Ann Streets, 1680 to 1868.
" 21. Old Sun Tavern, Faneuil Hall Square, 1680 to 1895.
" 22. Old Boston Theatre, corner Federal and Franklin Streets, 1794.
" 8. Faneuil Hall, "Cradle of Liberty," built 1742.
" 13. Site of Adams House, Boston, 1845. Lamb Tavern, 1748.
" 2. Boston Common and State House, 1836.
" 3. Harbor View of Boston from a map of 1768.</p> | <p>No. 23. Old Brick Church, 1713, site of Joy's, now Rogers' Building.
" 29. State Street and Old State House, 1888.
" 16. Adjacent Lean-to Houses, in Quincy, Mass., each of which was the birthplace of a President of the United States.
" 27. The Public Library, Boston, 1895.
" 31. Trinity Church, Boston, 1895.
" 18. Mount Vernon, 1900, the home of Washington.
" 10. 1743. Independence Hall, Philadelphia, 1893, where the Independence of the United States was declared, July 4, 1776.
" 26. Old State House. East end, 1899, built 1657, rebuilt 1712.
" 20. Old Meeting House, Hingham, erected 1681.
" 17. Mayflower in Plymouth Harbor, 1620.
" 1. Boston Town House, 1657, first seat of Massachusetts Government, built by Thomas Joy; burned 1711. Site, head of State Street, Boston.</p> | <p>No. 6. Longfellow's birthplace, Portland, Me.
" 14. Longfellow's early home, 1898, Portland, built 1783.
" 5. The Battle on Lexington Common, 1775.
" 34. The Wayside Inn, 1683, Sudbury, Mass., 1899.
" 33. Washington's Headquarters, 1750, Newburgh, N.Y., 1899.
" 32. Washington Crossing the Delaware.
" 7. The Capitol, Washington, D. C.
" 11. John Hancock House, Boston, built 1737, demolished 1865.
" 15. Landing of the Pilgrims, Plymouth.
" 30. Signing of the Declaration of Independence.
" 35. Washington Elm, Cambridge, Mass. Under this tree Washington first took command of the American army, July 3, 1775.
" 36. "The Spirit of '76," from the painting in Marblehead Town Hall.</p> |
|--|--|---|

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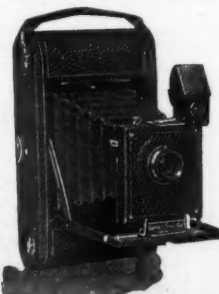
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ONLY to hear you warble,
Only to hear your voice,
Only the faintest whisper
Would make my heart rejoice.

Only the faintest whisper,
Spoken to cheer me, dear!
Speak but a word of comfort
Into my straining ear.

List to my pleading, central—
Say, is my calling vain?
Speak, though you only murmur,
"Line busy, call again!" — *News Letter*.

NINETY IN THE SHADE.

It is Summer. This information is given for the benefit of those who may have overlooked the fact. The air is balmy, the sun is hot, the collar is limp, and the cool mixed drink, Heublein "CLUB COCKTAILS," is acceptable; for, as has been remarked before, it is Summer—there can be no question about it.

Human Ingenuity has done much to ameliorate the condition of the sufferer from the torrid heats of Summer; but the greatest of all cooling devices is undoubtedly G. F. Heublein & Bro.'s famous "CLUB COCKTAILS."

Electric fans are all very well in their way, so are sea-bathing and shaving the head, but as a means of keeping physically cool and placid in mind "CLUB COCKTAILS" are without an equal.

In conclusion, dear reader, as we remarked in the beginning, it is Summer, and it is "up to you" to order a case of "CLUB COCKTAILS" without delay.

"THE theatre owes a great deal to the Shakespearean drama," said the girl with the pensive expression.

"Yea," answered the young man, "some of the best burlesques I ever saw were on 'Hamlet' and 'Romeo and Juliet.'" — *Washington Star*.

"I," SAID the gentleman who had fairly prospered, "am humbly proud of the fact that I took 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' as my motto when I began business life."

"There is nothing," said the second gentleman, who had measured business wits with the first gentleman, "like having good backing." — *Indianapolis Press*.

My dear boy, if you have the blues, order a bottle of Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry. It is exquisite.

HARRY: When I asked her if she would be mine, she fell on my breast and sobbed like a child, but finally she put her arms around my neck and whispered that she was so happy.

HARRIET: Yes, that is what she told me she was going to do; she has been practicing it with Cousin Tom for ever and ever so long. — *Boston Evening Transcript*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

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THE passenger in the sleeping car, awakened by the stopping of the train, pushed aside the blind and looked out.

"Blitz & Schlitz," Kumpff & Donnerwetter, "Schlitz & Knopf," Leopold Schwarzenheimer," he said, reading the business signs that met his eye. "Well, I see we've got to Milwaukee." — *Chicago Tribune*.



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"As served at the Waldorf Astoria."

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Took some Ripans Tabules, and dey made de mis'ry fly!

Neber seen such medicine for allin' folks to take—Fixed us for de cake walk—course we took the cake!



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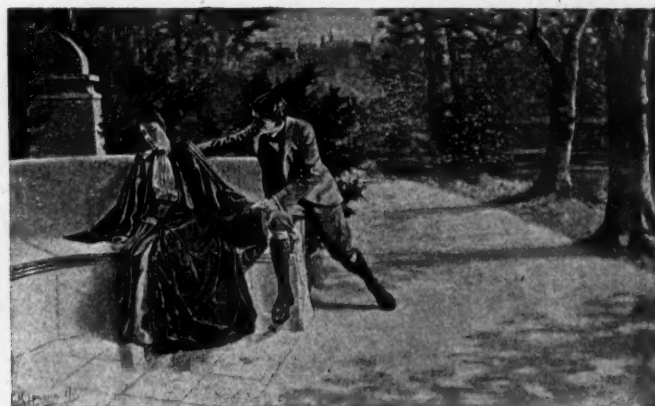


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OF COURSE YOU CAN TELL FORTUNES WITH CARDS.

For instance, if the jack of clubs comes between the four and ten of diamonds, and the following card happens to be the deuce of spades, it means that the next offer of marriage should be accepted.



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OH!

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